

## The Times

(MORNING, EVENING AND SUNDAY.)

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as follows:

Sunday, August 21, 22,935

Monday, August 22, 42,962

Tuesday, August 23, 42,888

Wednesday, August 24, 42,888

Thursday, August 25, 42,888

Friday, August 26, 41,806

Saturday, August 27, 42,374

Total, 278,375

Daily average (Sunday, 22,935, ex-

cluded), 42,406

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1897.

As might have been predicted, on the strength of our dispatches yesterday, the situation in northern India is extremely shaky for the British government. Forts Maude and Al-Mundak, which were the defenses of the Khyber Pass on the English side, are reported as having fallen. The seriousness of this fact does not altogether appear in the loss of the posts mentioned. With the exception of a few minor cantonments, which have been or now must be abandoned, the principal pass through which the hordes of Afghanistan and other northern Asiatic countries, can pour down upon British India, is captured and in the hands of the enemy. There is not the least doubt that the Indian authorities will make the most heroic efforts to regain possession of this master key to the North. For the present, it is plain that it is lost.

This is not the worst of it. The insurrection has spread to Beluchistan, and some of the princes and head men of that country who have been marked favorites of the viceregal government, the recipients of titles and decorations, are accused of being in the game. It has been a deeper one than has been dreamt of in the Calcutta and Simla philosophy. Lord Salisbury ought to have taken warning four months ago, when the Pan-Islamic movement first became public in the East. It is a strange feature of British colonial extension and conquest, that Englishmen, whether civil or military, have the hardest work in the world to make up their minds that any subject people would dare to rebel. The mutiny of 1857 caught them quite unprepared, and although the lessons of that horror have exerted some effect upon governmental and army methods in India, it is plain that England by no means is prepared for the present emergency.

Friends of labor, not to mention law and order, will feel disappointed today over the failure of the conciliation meeting between operators and representatives of the diggers at Pittsburgh. It appears to have been an all-around mistake, for some reason. Both sides left it, farther apart than ever, and with new misunderstandings to increase the friction of the situation. As previously remarked in these columns, the leaders of the Mine Workers' organization definitely refuse to discuss arbitration, unless it is applied to all the coal fields. The Pittsburgh district operators seem equally determined to settle the differences with their men, locally, or, failing in that, immediately to begin a campaign of operation with non-union labor, under the protection of the State. Since negotiations have amounted to nothing, it is highly probable that this plan will be resorted to, in which event trouble may be feared.

For the first time since the beginning of the strike, we feel a sense of uneasiness as to the outcome. Peaceable and law-abiding as the strikers are and have been, it is a little too much, in the light of past experience, to expect that they would actually remain so, if the masters should finally shut down on them and resume work with cheap imported labor of some sort. In former times, operators have met emergencies like the current one, by bringing in negro or Italian labor. In this case it cannot be doubted that such a movement would be attended with serious, and possibly with violent consequences. The Pennsylvania mine workers are not made of the proper sort of stuff to see the bread permanently taken out of the mouths of their wives and children, without cutting up rough about it. Then we should see the whole force of the State militia on the ground, and another Home-Steal episode perhaps. Let us still hope that such an eventuality may be averted.

There was a comparative lull in Cuban news this morning, which however does not indicate that the daily recurring atrocities on the island have abated in any wise. It rather is an indication that the arrangements of The Times correspondents, for the forwarding of intelligence, have been interfered with by unusual vigilance on the part of the Spanish authorities. For some time past, an understanding has been maintained between the Havana and field services of the two or three leading journals of the United States, whose columns are open to the true story of Cuba's woes, and to the cries of liberty and humanity. Through co-operation between the gallant young men who represent this and the other journals in question, and who daily carry their lives in their hands,

it generally has been possible to secure full and accurate bulletins of what has transpired in Cuba, every night. Since the publication of the Cienfuegos crime, Weyler privately has notified his subordinates, that he will hold them capitally responsible for any further leakage of that sort. He will not be able to effect any considerable secrecy for his movements or of those in this way, for more than a few days at most. American newspaper enterprise is not to be put down, and Spanish officials of every name and grade are corrupt, and usually are cheap.

A Madrid dispatch today confirms the proposals of this paper, with regard to the future attitude and position of Marshal Martinez de Campos. It is not thought probable that he will replace Weyler in Cuba, as the imminence of a Carlist outbreak seems to render it necessary for him to remain in Spain. His brilliant services in the former Carlist rebellion, which he did more than any other man, to subdue, point to him as the general who should have command of the Croy forces in the event of another insurrection. Therefore, his presence will be needed, and very soon needed, at home. It is said in London and Paris, where the designs and preparations of Don Carlos are understood, that the pretender will not wait much longer before making a demonstration. He has hesitated to this time, only because he has hoped that the authority of Spain might be re-established in Cuba. In that case success would give him the colony, as well as the Kingdom. It is reported, now, he realizes that Cuba is lost, and he will not take the risk of much more delay lest the monarchy should go to the wall, and a republic be declared. He would rather fight the present government than a republican people. In this he shows good horse sense.

Readers will have noticed with approval the glowing and patriotic remarks of Mr. McKinley at the annual meeting of the Grand Army at Buffalo; also, it will have been universally observed that the courage and words to deeds in a good deal more than sixteen to one. In the course of his speech at the banquet last night, the President said: "My fellow-citizens, blessed is that country whose defenders are patriots!" In that country whose defenders are patriots, the late unfortunates, who, under fire, advanced the colors beyond the line of battle. The brigadier shouted to him to bring them back to the line, but young Excessor, replied: "Bring the line up to the colors!" "It was the voice of command; there was a man behind it, and there was patriotism in his heart." We trust that Mr. McKinley will take the lesson of his story home to his own heart.

A few fearless American journals, backed by the unanimous sentiment of the American people, have advanced Old Glory far in front of the official line, in furtherance of the cause of human liberty, and of a brave American people battling for the same freedom, and the republican institutions that our fathers fought and bled to endow us with. It is a good occasion upon which to hail him once more, and to say to him: "Bring the line up to the colors!" As Major McKinley observed after dinner, and with much force and pathos: "So high to grandeur is our dust; so near to God is our mind; When duty whispers, 'Lo, thou must,' The youth replies, 'I can.'"

The President is the youth, and duty not only whispers, but yells in his ear. Everybody knows that he "can." Will he? Or is he only giving us a dose of words?

WAYLaid BY TRAMPS.

Farmer Robbed and Terribly Mal-

treated Near Nashville, Pa.

Allentown, Pa., Aug. 25.—Thomas Burkholder, of this city, was waylaid by three tramps yesterday afternoon while he was walking along the tracks of the Catawissa and Foudryville Railroad, near Rossville. The men knocked him down, forced a piece of wood into his mouth, and then held him with a handkerchief. They also tied his hands and feet with wire.

Then they rifled Burkholder's pockets and stole \$70. He was found unconscious by a crew of passing train, who had a hard time restoring him to consciousness.

PEOPLE OUT OF TOWN.

Mr. R. E. Briggs, of this city, is visiting

relatives in Suffolk, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Hunter are enjoying

the surf at Virginia Beach.

Mrs. Maury, of Massachusetts avenue,

is spending the summer at Bar Harbor.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Engel are at Ocean

City, where they expect to remain some

time.

The Misses Ida Wales and Jessie Patton

have gone on a week's trip to Old

Point.

Miss Lucy Maderia, of Washington, has

been visiting the Misses Roderick, of Mar-

tinsburg, W. Va.

Miss Lena Patterson, of Washington, is

visiting her brother, Mr. George Patterson,

of Hagerstown, Md.

Commander Quackenbush and his daughter,

Miss Anna Quackenbush, are spending

August at Sutton Lodge, Ocean City.

Mr. H. T. Bailey and Representative

L. B. Hensberger of Massachusetts are

visiting the charming daughter of Capt. E. S. Randall,

have gone to Atlantic City to spend some

days.

Prof. Todd, of the Navy, has gone on a

vacation trip to Beach Haven. Mrs. and

Miss Todd are still at Woodley Inn, where

they will remain until fall.

Mr. J. D. O'Connell, of the Bureau of

Statistics, Treasury Department, is the

guest of Major Rountree and family, at

their cottage at Atlantic City.

Dr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Williams and Mr.

Arthur Williams left yesterday for New

York to sail for Europe, where they will

travel throughout the coming year.

Miss Mabel King, daughter of Gen.

Horatio C. King, who has been visiting

Elizabeth Macdonald at Roslyn, L. I., is

now the guest of Miss Julia Hart of the same place.

Miss Battle E. Austin left Washington

for a visit of some weeks in New York

and the New Jersey coast. Her visit may

be extended as far as Canada before her

return.

Among the guests from this city who

attended the brilliant reception given by

Senator and Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins, at

Lincoln, their home in West Virginia,

were Mr. and Mrs. E. H. McDermott, of

New York, and Mrs. Richard C. Keene, who

left the city early in the morning for their

summer home at Elkins, and Mr. John Wilson.

GOING TO HURRY SATAN.

Colored People in South Carolina

Full of Religious Excitement.

Mountville, S. C., Aug. 25.—Over 5,000 colored people in this vicinity have quit work in answer to a call to assemble for the "burial of Satan," who, they say, has just been convicted by a jury of twelve angels, and sentenced to everlasting burial in this place.

These people have been holding a revival meeting in the town, and as a result of a collection they bought a bell to adorn their church. It was upon the first ringing of this bell that some of them said they detected the announcement that the burial of Satan was at hand, and that the ringing must be kept up continuously. The ringing has since been kept up, and the colored people have been thrown into a high pitch of fever, in which they forget all things of earth and save their minds for the hereafter.

Every day the number of the devotees is

being added to from the surrounding coun-

try, and the result is that the cotidian stand-

ing unpicked in the fields, while this wild

demonstration is in progress. The attending

colored ministers say they have attended

the court of heaven in person, where God,

the Judge, after Satan had been convicted

by a jury of twelve representative angels,

passed sentence on him, turning him over to

the colored people of Mountville, to bury

once and for all.

The ministers are now allowed between the

intervals of ringing the bell, during which

the attending crowd sings vociferously and

declares all manner of revelations.

HEAD-ON TRAIN COLLISION.

Three Persons Seriously Injured

on a New Jersey Road.

Newfield, N. J., Aug. 25.—A short distance south of Newfield, on the West Jersey and Seaboard Railroad, train No. 19, southbound, accommodation for Millville, met in a head-on collision with wrecking train engine No. 1355 last evening. Both engines were badly damaged, and, considering the force of the collision, it is remarkable that no one was killed.

The passengers, however, were badly shaken

up, and quite a few were bruised.

As far as can be ascertained only three

persons were seriously hurt. They are:

M. T. Johnson, a traveling salesman from

Newfield, Ind., received unconscious and

seriously injured; Emanuel Wilson, work-

man on wrecking train, rendered uncon-

scious and had face lacerated on one side;

Rev. J. J. Shaw, of Trenton, N. J., was

badly bruised.

The accident occurred at a curve in the

track, about midway between the vil-

lages of Newfield and North Vineland.

Engineers Jenkins, of the accommodation,

and Crain, of the wrecking, saw each other's

headlights at the same time and whistled

for brakes. The next instant both they

and their firemen were hurled against the

side of the engine cars and somewhat

bruised.

The collision is said to have been due

to a wrong signal, given at Vineland.

CHILD FOUND IN CHAINS.

Tortures Alleged to Have Been In-

flicted on a Little Girl.

Norfolk, Va., Aug. 25.—The investigation

set on foot several days ago by Justice

Hawks of Norfolk county, as a result of

reports that a child had been chained in

a house just outside of Brambleton, cul-

minated yesterday in the arrest of Talbot

Dewrey.

Rev. Mr. Porter and Rev. Mr. Harwell,

of Brambleton, have been summoned as

witnesses and the hearing will be held

today in Hatterasville. The affair oc-

curred some two weeks ago, and was dis-

covered by Rev. Mr. Porter, who was out

walking in the vicinity of Dewrey's house

at the time. He heard the cries of a child,

and was some little time in locating them.

He finally entered a house from which

he thought they came, and there found

a little girl eight years of age chained by

both feet to the floor.

He says the child's ankles were crossed

and the chain wrapped twice around them

and locked. He felt so indignant and

shocked at the sight that he would have

broken the chain and released the little

one had it been possible for him to have

done so. He saw no other person about

the place at the time.

A New Matrimonial Arrangement.

(From the Chicago Times.)

In Kansas City the other day a man

and a woman entered the office of a

justice of the peace and announced that

they desired to get married. Nothing

that both visitors had the same surname,

the justice inquired if they were related

to each other in any way.

"Well, I should say so!" replied the

man; "she's been my wife for the last

eight years."

"Then isn't she your wife now?" asked

the justice.

"No, sir," was the prompt reply. "She

was my wife till last night, when our

contract expired. Now we want to try

it again for another year."

The justice, in response to questioning,

explained that he had married his wife

eight years, marrying her each time for

one year. At the end of the year the

contract would be renewed for another

two months, and the new contract

would be renewed binding by a new mar-

riage ceremony.

The Kansas City official pondered the

matter for a few minutes and declined

to perform the ceremony, because he

said he knew no law to warrant him in

marrying a man to his own wife. The

couple wandered away disappointed.

Rocking the Boys to Sleep.

I sit me down in the twilight cool

Of a busy summer's day.

And close my eyes and live again

The time so far away.

When Eddie and James and John were here;

And the tears of my eyes will creep,

For I seem to sit in the old brown chair,

A-rocking the boys to sleep.

I bring John back from a home of wealth,

Where fame and honor dwell,

And sing and rock him to sleep once more,

More happy than tongue can tell.

I bring the storm on a shrouded sea,

Where tempest and surge sweep;

And James is here and I rock again

"My wandering boy" to sleep.

I build a stair to the heavens tall,

And reach in its sweet domain

For little Eddie and bring him back

To my lonely home again;

My throbbing heart is heavy now

With a yearning strong and deep,

As I smooth the curls of my only babe,

And rock him once more to sleep.

They say the old chair is useless now,

'Tis creaking, and dull with age,

And must be forever put aside,

Like a well-worn, worn-out page.

But the old chair sings a song to me,

As it whispers of other years.

And it tells of the roughened places

smoothed.

And murmurs of childish tears.

Yes, the old chair tells in an undertone,

In a voice so creaking and old,

Of the comfort it gave through summer's

best.

As well as in winter's cold;

How those little dependent lives were

soothed.

Through their childish sorrows deep,

As it did its best to ease each pain.

While rocking the boys to sleep.

—Gertrude H. Hoag, in Telescope.

"We're built like often—out-done never."

"Always the lowest!"

That's what the bicyclists say of us. And always what's wanted in Wheeling and Sporting Sundries—that's another thing they say about us.